Essex County Herald.

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A Blow in the Dark.

Give us the hand that will strike a blow
In the open market place,
While the well-roused blood from the angry heart
Inflames the answering face!
Rather than that sly, stealthy hand
That aims a blow in the dark,
And leaves, like a poisoned serpent's fang,
A sure and a deadly mark.

The tale that the smooth-tongued slanderer tells
Behind her fair friend's back,
That grows, and grows, as it onward goes
With the sound of the mill's click-clack!
The doubtful story set afloat
By some secret, dangerous band,
To rob a man of his fame or name,
Are blows from an unseen hand.

Give us the open light of day,
With the clear sun shining bright,
Rather than shadows grim and gray
Or the darker gloom of night!
Give us a hand that will deal a blow
As a flint may strike a spark,
Rather than that sly, stealthy one
That aims a blow in the dark.

THE MAJOR'S LOVE STORY.

Major Marjoribanks was an active, leanly-built man, rather below the verage height. He had an eye like a awk's, beautiful hair and whiskers, and o other striking feature. His hands nd feet were small and finely formed, nd a front tooth, which nature had aken from him, had been exquisitely rmed by the hand of art.

Perhaps it was the very difficulty of he achievement that impelled the dauntss Major to the attack. Diana Harord had already refused two Baronets, banker, and four minor deities before he Major's appearance in the field, nd still continued to ride across counry with as much enthusiasm as if her hole life was to be devoted to that occupation. People began to say that he would never marry. "The right an has not spoken," was the general pinion; and the Major, as he gnawed is moustaches, resolved with an inard oath that he would prove himself hat man or perish in the attempt.

Not that the Major was wholly devoid f that unpractical machine called a eart. Down in a little villa near a ountry village lived a little lady of wenty, who could have told strange ales of the Major's sentimentality.

Though the Major congratulated himelf on being so safely off with the old ove, he was far from feeling so comortable with regard to his prospects ith the new.

But Miss Harford's heart seemed to e impregnable even to this experienced esieger.

There was one hope—a forlorn hope, e confessed to himself—and it was ith a serious though determined spirit hat the Major resolved on an attack by torm.

The Major had made up his mind.

Perhaps had the Major known who was that arrived as a guest to Miss Harford on the previous evening, it night have disturbed his calculations.

"What have I been doing lately?" ays she, in answer to a question from er companion.

"What a queer girl you are, Di," aid her visitor, wistfully. "You never eemed the same as the other girls at chool; and you don't seem a bit ltered. And so you haven't fallen in ove yet? But I always said you would ever find a man to suit you exactly."

"That's just what I'm wanting, my ear—a man. I see plenty of amateur ockeys and polite letter writers. What want is a man—one that is not afraid o be natural, or ashamed to be in arnest. I really think that our averge dandy, with his cool self-sufficiency, nd his insulting indifference, the most npleasant production of the age. There's the Major now—"

"Who is that?"

"Major Marjoribanks, my dear; the lory of his regiment, and the idol of ll the horse dealers, amateur actors, nd fast young men for a circle of twenty miles. Why, Patty, you are blushng! You don't mean to say that you now the man!"

"I met him—that is—he is a friend f my brother's," said the other lady, with some hesitation.

"And you've been foolish enough to elieve all his nonesense, I dare say. ome now?"

"Well, he certainly is an extraordiary man," pleaded Patty.

"O yes, very. He can ride a kicker, r write a burlesque. But as for *heart* —why, my dear child, he'd toss you side, if it suited his purpose, with as uch indifference as I toss that withered camelia. Now, don't you waste a hought on him. *I* don't intend to, hough the wretched man has been making love to me in his quiet way ever ince he came. I'm afraid every day e'll propose, and I shall have the rouble of refusing him without losing ny temper."

"But I can't help it," said Patty, aintly.

"O yes, you can. You thought you ouldn't, down in that dull place, with othing else to think about, but you'll e under a different treatment here, I an assure you. Plenty of exercise and xcitement will soon cure you. I'll tell ou what: as a great treat to-morrow, ou shall ride Crusader. We'll take a uiet canter along the lanes."

"Oh, but I can't ride strange orses," said Patty.

"Oh, you'll soon get acquainted. Mind, I consider this a great favor, and ou mustn't hurt my feelings by reusing. One of my habits will fit you icely, and when you return you'll feel pirit enough to defy twenty Majors."

"You are a darling girl," said Patty, etting up and kissing her.

"I'm afraid you're in a minority, my ear," said Diana. "Most people say 'm intensely disagreeable. Good ight, and don't dream of the Major."

And the pair kissed again, and part-d for the night.

The next day was one of those mild, azy November ones, which break out nto a glimpse of sunshine toward oon, and then return to their former ullness. The two girls rode along between the hedgerows, chatting pleasantly.

"I'm sure I shall be able to manage this animal," said Patty, timidly. "See how he tosses his head about."

"That's because you let him feel the curb, dear; I had it put up sharp on purpose. Have power of punishment, but seldom use it; that's the real secret of managing horses, dogs, and men. There now, you see he goes quietly enough on the snaffle. Now coax him a little, and give and take more; remember he isn't a phlegmatic donkey with a mouth like a deal board."

"Well, I must say I prefer horses; one feels so much more at ease."

"Pshaw, my dear! I wouldn't give a guinea for a horse that any one could ride, that took no more notice of a steam engine than of a haystack. They have just the same level of indifference that is the ideal excellence of the young man of the period, who hears with equal apathy of a railway accident or a revolution."

"Well, I suppose they only follow the fashion, just as in their coats and collars."

"But what an age it must be that makes a dead calm the acme of good style, and substitutes Jack Poynts for Ranger or Charles Surface."

"Good Heavens, Diana! you don't mean to say you read those horrid old plays! Mamma would not let me study such things on any account."

"Nonsense! As if they were worse than the French plays one sees now, or half a dozen English ones I could name. At least I enjoy the male characters more than in ours. They were infinitely more sparkling, and I don't believe they were a bit wickeder at bottom."

"Gentlemen could now be quite as witty if they cared to try."

"Oh, I don't doubt their abilities, my dear; I suppose the breed of male animals produces about the same number of prodigies in every age; but how is one to know it? I certainly prefer men who kept their wits and their swords equally bright by daily use. Here one is in equal uncertainty as to their livers or their intellects."

"'Livers,' Diana! What an expression!"

"Strictly Shakesperian, I assure you. 'A lily-livered knave,'—see 'Macbeth.' I daresay you can find a dusty copy of Shakespeare on the top shelf in the library."

"Ah, Di! I'm afraid you never will get married at this rate."

"No, dear. As some one says of Morris, 'I shall die the serene martyr of a mean and melancholy time.'"

"You must have had plenty of offers?"

"Oh, dozens! all couched in the condescending brevity with which the *preux chevalier* of the day deigns to express his wishes. Now just contrast the men we have been talking about. Worship commences by a shower of more or less readable verses, which you have the option of reading or committing to the flames. You casually drop your handkerchief into a running stream or down a precipice, and your adorer throws himself after it, and restores it at the risk of his life. After a while he throws himself on his knees—both knees, mind—and begs you to save him from destruction. You relent; on leaving you he meets his rival; a glance is enough; swords flash out"—so did Diana's eye—"and woe to him who flinches."

"Horrible!" said Patty.

"Will this suit you better? Strephon strolls lazily into the room; remarks on the weather; allows himself to decline into a seat by your side, and suggests that you should become Mrs. Strephon. *En sortant* he meets his rival; treads on his toes; they exchange abusive epithets, light cigars, and—oh bathos!—cut each other at the club."

"Well, that's better than fighting," said Patty.

"And infinitely safer. Well, my dear, perhaps, after all, you are right. We mustn't take our idea of the class from Sir Harry Wildair—there's a darling name for you. They only show what was considered the thing. I daresay I am getting fearfully crabbed. You see when a girl has money she becomes the centre of a circle of deception. Let's change the subject. How well that habit fits you."

"It feels rather strange. You see I so seldom ride at home."

"Ah, of course. Now to me the habit is second nature, as some one says. I feel infinitely more comfortable in one than in a low dress. I purposely lent you my regular riding-hat, for I wanted to see how I should feel in this new-fangled affair. I'm afraid it wouldn't suit crashing through a bullfinch; one wants something stiffer for that. * * What's that?" she cried, as an indistinct sound came down the wind, and both horses pricked up their ears. "The hounds; they must have come all the way from Marlford."

"Oh, do look at this horse, Di! He's dancing up and down fearfully."

"Put him on the curb, dear, if he's too troublesome. Ah, there they go! Look, Patty, there's a sight for you! See how close they run together! There's Mr. Vane on Brown Bess. Well tried at, Mr. Vane! Ah, the Major does it—oh, the conceit of that man!—and here come the rest; only two gaps for all the poor creatures. There's my little brother Bantry bringing up the rear on his pony—a terrible hard fellow is Bantry. Oh, Patty," said Diana, trembling with excitement, "I'd give anything to be with them."

"Then do go, dear," said Patty, with an effort of self-sacrifice that was enormous. I shall be safe enough. Withers will take care of me."

"Well, he's just down in the road there. Keep along it, and you'll just cross the line they are taking. I really must—come, Terry;" and away went Diana, habit tossing and eyes glistening, and vanished gloriously.

Patty turned her horse's head back toward the gate of the field they had turned into, and got safely out into the road. Some distance down it she could see Withers, the groom, who was having a little difficulty with his horse, which was plunging and curvetting in a diagonal position, as is the manner of eager horses, performing an equine balance-step without advancing particularly. On Crusader catching sight of his companion in ill-doing, he proceeded to imitate his actions with a considerable amount of exaggeration. Patty, finding him bursting into a canter, attempted to take up the curb-rein, but only succeeded in getting both in an inextricable confusion. Then she clung in terror to them with both hands, on which the irritable Crusader fought himself into a confused canter, which developed itself into a smart gallop, dashing past the astonished Withers, and stampeded.

Our friend, the Major, had arrived at the meet that morning, and was considerably chagrined not to find the object of his intentions present. "The stiffest bit of country for miles around, too," he said to himself. "What can she be thinking of?" His determination of the morning was still in his mind, and he longed for an opportunity of putting it in practice. Oh, for the sight of the well-known blue habit and iron-grey steed! The Major was destined to have his aspirations gratified in an unexpected manner.

He had been riding a line of his own for a short distance, and was separated from the rest of the field by the breadth of a pasture, when he heard the quick-repeated rattle of a horse going at full gallop in the road on the other side of the high hedge, parallel to which he was riding, and in another moment he saw through the twigs the horse he had looked in vain for at the meet tear past him at mad speed, the blue habit streaming back as the wearer swayed in the saddle, holding the reins in both hands with the convulsive grasp of fear.

"Run away, by Jove!" said the Major, turning Zerlina's head without the least hesitation at the quickset. Two or three *intense*, short strides—a rise, and a crash of twigs—a rattle of horse-hoofs as they patter on the hard road, as Zerlina just manages to save her knees and nose from damage by a clever recovery, and then the Major, as cool as if he had been hopping over a gutter instead of one of the ugliest drops in his experience, set her going in pursuit.

The fact was, the Major was in that state of exaltation that every soldier feels on coming into action. Quick as lightning he saw the coming situation, and braced himself to take advantage of it, and as he crept nearer and nearer to the fugitives he felt his confidence rise in his horse's powers and his own.

About half a mile from the place where this stern chase commenced, where the road was crossed by another at right angles, stood an inn called the Cross Keys. The Major knew this and also that on the other side of it the road dipped down into a rather steep hill. He had got up some twenty yards nearer when the inn appeared in sight, and keeping on the turf at the side of the road, that the noise of his approach might not add fresh speed to the runaway, called on Zerlina smartly for a decisive effort.

In front of the Cross Keys there was a triangular patch of sodden turf, and as Crusader came upon this he slackened his speed very slightly; the Major dashed alongside and seized the reins near the bit in his right hand; the horse, which was not a vicious one, stopped after a few struggles, as he felt the power at work on the curb; and the lady, falling forward in a heap on his neck, would have tumbled to the earth had not the ever ready Major leapt from his saddle and caught her in his arms. It would have made a capital picture—the two horses standing steaming and panting, and the Major staggering under the weight of the senseless damsel, whose chin hung over his shoulder—while her hair, released from its bonds in her wild flight through air, streamed down his scarlet-colored coat.

With some difficulty the Major carried his lovely burden into the porch of the Cross Keys.

"Show me a private room, and get me a glass of brandy," were the orders with which he stopped the mouth of the astonished landlady.

"La! Poor dear young lady!" said that female, in a voice of sympathy, as she brought the restoring fluid. "Can I do anything for her, sir?"

"No, I think not," said the Major decisively. "Leave her to me. I've had some experience in cases of this kind," and thrusting half-a-crown into the woman's hand he shut the door in her face.

"Well, how she could ha' married he!" said the woman to herself, as she returned to the bar. She evidently thought, from the Major's want of sympathy, that he must be the husband of the sufferer.

The evening glooms were just closing in, and made the little back parlor look more and more dismal and dingy. The Major raised the clinging vail sufficiently to thrust the edge of the glass between the lips of the patient. Presently the color came back to her face, she drew a long gasping breath, and felt for her pocket-handkerchief. It was in the pocket of her saddle The Major instantly placed his snowy cambric in her trembling hand. Then she overflowed.

The Major waited a little. Then he ventured to take the hand that was not occupied with his pocket-handkerchief, and said in a tone of respectful tenderness,

"Dont—pray don't give way so! You're quite safe now I assure you."

Sob, sob.

"If you knew how every sob you utter rends my—" ("vitals," the Major was going to say, then he thought of "breast, and finally substituted) "heart, you—you wouldn't keep on so."

Sob, sob.

"You don't know how I have hoped, have longed for a moment like this; to hold your hand in mine, to feel that we are alone together, that you do not repulse me, that I am permitted" [kisses her hand,] "that you do not forbid me." [Business as before.]

Sob, sob, sob. "When *will* she stop?" thought the Major.

"You do not answer; speak to me—or hear me while I tell you what I have wished to say for long days past. Miss Harford—Diana, I love you." That was deucedly well put, thought the Major to himself.

"Sir!" said the lady, suddenly becoming electrified in an erect posture. It was but one word, but it was quite enough to almost throw the Imperturable off his invincible equilibrium. For that moment Miss Roseneath could boast of having seen that great man, to use a common but expressive term, flabbergasted.

"Patty!—Miss Roseneath!"

"Yes, Major Marjoribanks, Miss Roseneath. Oh, take me home! take me home! and never, *never* dare to call me Patty again!"

"The de-vil!" said the Major slowly, beneath his mustaches.

"You might have been satisfied with making a fool of a poor silly girl, without insulting her afterward. Oh, how could you be so c—c—cruel!"

"I say, Patty—listen a moment—don't talk like that. You don't suppose I meant to hurt your feelings? Hang it, I ain't such a cad as all that comes to. I didn't know it was you—I took you for ——"

"Oh, I know; you took me for Miss Harford. Dear Di! she told me you had been making love to her since you came. But I thought you had only been fl—fl—flirting," said poor Patty, going off again.

"Did she tell you that?" said the Major.

"Yes; and she said you were a conceited man, and she was afraid every day you'd propose, because she would have the trouble of refusing you. I never told her all you said to me down at Rosewood. Silly that I was, ever to believe in a Major!"

Did pique and chagrin at the intelligence that he had just received prompt the Major's next impulse? Or did his better angel whisper to him that a dinner of herbs with this little woman who really loved him, and for whom he was conscious of a feeling as nearly akin to that passion as he was capable of experiencing, would be better than a more splendid repast with her to whom he was indifferent? Bitterly would he have derided such an idea from another; bitterly that morning would he have laughed at the thought of his present conduct. But few men act up to their principles; and it was with a ring of genuine feeling in his voice that he sat down by Patty's side and said—but we will not write his words; they were greatly devoid of that artistic fluency which generally distinguished the Major's utterances to the fair sex; but to Patty they sounded like flowing honey.

"And you really will—and you're not sorry for what has happened?"

"Well," said the Major, looking down into her eyes, which gazed up through her tears, glistening with mingled light and tear-drops, "perhaps it wasn't such an unfortunate mistake after all!"

Would you be surprised to hear that the Major makes a capital husband?

South Pacific Islands.

Landing at New Hanover, an island in the South Pacific to the east of New Guinea, Captain Simpson, of H. B. M. ship Blanche, last year found men and women very much in a state of nature, who, he thinks, had never before been visited by white men. They were ignorant of the use of tobacco, and old pieces of paper were taken by them in preference to the usual trade articles. Both men and women came alongside the ship in great numbers, and showed no fear. They had little or nothing for barter except spears. They appeared good-humored, but are arrant thieves. A party of officers who landed had their pockets picked.

Captain Simpson also visited the neighboring island of New Britain. Here he found two spacious bays or harbors, with good anchorage, land-locked, and sheltered from all winds. Within one of these harbors he believes there is space, with from twenty to five fathoms of water, for the navies of the world to anchor in. Clustered on a narrow ledge at the base of two singular sandstone rocks is a village containing about two hundred inhabitants, who evidently support themselves by fishing. Many of the houses are built in the water on piles. They had numerous canoes moored round them.

In the Ngaric group of islands one only was found to be inhabited, and the history of its people may be told in a few words. They number about one hundred, and of these no less than sixty are children. The people say that about forty years ago a captain from Sydney took the island and destroyed all the inhabitants, or nearly all. Some years after that a man named Paddy came with some natives of Ponope island and settled there, claiming the island as his own, and the population has since rapidly decreased. What has become of Paddy we are not told.

Died of a Broken Heart.

Mrs. Sallie A. White, wife of Captain J. E. White, the celebrated horse-thief, died at the residence of her mother, near Germantown, Tenn., of a broken-heart. Mrs. White, it will be remembered, rescued her husband from jail last winter, and won for herself the sympathy of chivalrous gentlemen, by handing him a revolver when she was permitted to visit him. Mrs. White was a high-spirited woman, refined and cultivated, and of good family. The disgrace of her husband being arrested and confined as a horse-thief wrought upon the finer feelings of her nature to such an extent that the overstrained spirit refused to bear its burden, and took its flight to another and better sphere. While her husband may be guilty of the crimes charged against him his wife was innocent, and the manner in which she rescued him, her culture, elegance, and good standing have enlisted in her behalf the sympathy of all who knew her; and her sudden death from the causes which led to it render this sympathy still greater, and indicate clearly that, while she was a true wife, ready to succor her husband under any circumstances, she was also a truly honorable woman, who could not "suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," nor bear the disgrace attached to a blasted name. So says a Memphis paper.

HYDROPHOBIA INDUCED BY FEAR.

Wayne Hovey on Hydrophobia as a Disease of the Imagination.

It is a well known fact that several persons may be bitten by a mad dog, and only one, or none of them, die of the disease. Such was the case when Mrs. Noyes, of New York, was attacked a few weeks since. Two or three persons were bitten at the same time, by the same dog, who are alive now, and likely to be for many years, and who, in all probability, will never suffer the slightest inconvenience from the bites they received.

Hydrophobia is not unfrequently a disease purely of the imagination. Some time since a man in Chicago was bitten by a dog that was known to be perfectly well. The victim, however, brooded over the idea that sooner or later he would die from the effects of the wound, although there were no manifestations of a serious character. But his apprehensions made him anxious and restless and almost frenzied, and in a few days he brought upon himself fits of an alarming type. From all the circumstances it was evident that the man was in a dangerous condition, and needed some medical attention. Physicians were called, but he soon expired in great agony. From beginning to end, this man's case, so far as the dog was concerned, was one entirely of imagination. Dr. Marx, a celebrated German physician, writing to *The Clinic*, says that he regards hydrophobia as a morbid affection, induced by fear, and in support of his opinion, cites many interesting cases. Dr. Luke, in his work on the "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," supports the hypothesis that hydrophobic symptoms are often developed without previous inoculation, and he relates a notable instance of a physician of Lyons, who, having assisted in the dissection of several victims of the disorder, imagined that he himself had become inoculated. On attempting to drink he was seized with spasms of the pharynx, and in this condition roamed about the streets for three days. At length his friends succeeded in convincing him of the groundlessness of his apprehensions and he at once recovered.

No dog will bite unless he is provoked, or is disturbed in his guard over his master's property. A mad dog seeks to avoid the highway, will never go out of his course to bite, but will finally, if let alone, drop dead without doing the least injury to anyone.

Lastly, the disease is not, as is generally supposed, incurable. There are many persons who have had hydrophobia, and have recovered from it. Dr. Pancoast recommends the use of acid nitrate of mercury as a prophylactic treatment for the bite of a rabid animal, and Dr. Buisson, a distinguished French physician, says he never knew a case to fail of recovery where the patient was repeatedly placed in steam baths varying in heat from 57 to 63 degrees centigrade.

A Wardrobe of the Last Century.

The following is a curious inventory of a lady's wardrobe in the year 1712, with the price of each article. It is to be remembered that the purchasing power of money was much greater then than now: A smock of cambric holland, three and one-half ells, $10.50; Marseilles quilted petticoat, three yards wide and one yard long, $14.25; a hoop petticoat, covered with tab, $8.75; a French or Italian silk quilted petticoat, one and one-quarter yards deep and six yards wide, $50; manteau and petticoat of French brocade, $355; French point or Flanders laced head, ruffles and tucker, $400; English stay, covered with tably, $15; a French necklace, $6.25; Flanders lace handkerchief, $50; French or Italian flowers for the hair, $10; an Italian fan, $25; English silk stockings, $5; English shoes, $12.50; French girdle, $3.75; a cambric pocket-handkerchief, $2.50; French kid gloves, 75c.; black French silk *a la mode* hood, $3.75; black French lace hood, $26.25; French embroidered knot and bosom knot, $10.50; French garters, $6.25; pockets of Marseilles quilting, $6.25; muff, $26.25; sable tippet, $75; lining of Italian lutestring, $75; thread stockings, $2.50; Turkey handkerchief, $26.25; a hat of Leghorn, $7.50; a beaver and feather for the forest, $15; a riding suit, with embroidery of Paris, $237.50; three dresses for the masquerade, two from Venice, $180; dress from Paris of green velvet, *a la* Sultanesse, set with pearls and rubies, $618.75.

Making a County.

Three Kansas men are charged with having stolen a county. They staked it out, and called it Barbour. Then they divided the county offices among themselves, taking two or three apiece, and sent certificates and affidavits to the capital. Their credentials as a county were forwarded. At the general election over two hundred and fifty-one votes were cast into the ballot-box, and W. H. Horner was chosen to represent Barbour in the Legislature. Horner voted industriously for everybody else's measures, and found it easy to get through one of his own. It was a bill to authorize Barbour county to issue bonds for the building of bridges and other necessary improvements. The bonds were issued and sold well, Horner acting as agent. And now Horner and all the population of Barbour county and the proceeds of the bonds have disappeared, and the bondholders are wondering where they've gone to.

Narrow Escape.—As Jacob Russell, of Lowville, was walking along the track of the Utica and Black River Railroad, he caught his foot between two of the iron rails. He tried his best to remove from his position, and it was found impossible. The noon freight train at the time was backing up over the switch. The unfortunate man had no time to notify the engineer, and he bent over to save his life by losing his foot. The train passed over him, but for some unexplained reason only crushed his foot.

A Little Hero.

In the city of Hartford, Conn., lives the hero of the true story I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure which made him famous in his native town happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 1835, the father worked in a factory, about a mile from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner across a piece of meadow land.

One keen, frosty day he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little foot-path remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through the drifts, keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from the house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down.

He had fallen into a well. He sank down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well—the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was saved at all he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife he cut off his boots, that he might go to work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, to take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through, for the side being from that point covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places with his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God and prayed fervently for help, fearing that he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deep, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverence.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest—panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening with tears in his eyes to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to "mother."

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him and thanked God for him!

I have not heard of the "little hero" for two or three years, but I trust he is growing up into a brave, heroic man, and I hope he will never forget the heavenly friend who did not forget him in the hour of his great need.

There is an old saying that truth lies at the bottom of a well.

I trust that this brave boy found and brought up from there this truth: God helps those who help themselves.—*Grace Greenwood.*

Moloch in America.

In Ohio a mound of a novel character has recently been cut through, in order to make the approach to the Newton bridges near Cincinnati. It was evidently the *debris* of a huge sacrifice of children. A space twenty-five feet in diameter had been covered with an immense heap of wood, then it was set on fire, and the children were probably tossed into it one by one, as in the ancient sacrifice to Moloch. The heat was evidently intense and long continued, as the ground plainly showed the effects of violent conflagration. As soon as the sacrifice was completed and the fire had died out, the remains of the victims were all raked together in the centre, and then the mound was raised in a very remarkable way. Soil was brought, apparently by different tribes from different localities, and each variety was carefully deposited by itself, so that the differences were clearly distinguishable. The remains collected consisted mostly of jaws and teeth of children. A pierced tooth of a rodent was found, which had evidently been used as an ornament. The remains will be placed in a museum at Plainville, Ohio.

Golden Salve Recipe.—Two quarts raw linseed oil, three pounds beeswax. Melt thoroughly together and turn into tin boxes. This is the best salve known for burns, scalds, flesh wounds, old sores, piles, etc. To make small quantities the same proportion as above is required.

A Maine law says a bushel of apples must weigh forty-four pounds.

Items of Interest.

Don't marry a man who gets up early. Nothing makes a person so insufferably conceited.

Miss Wells, aged 12 years, has received a school teacher's certificate in Wapello, Iowa.

Every able-bodied man in Sonora, Tuolumne county, between 21 and 60, must pay a road tax of $3.

The present year is generally accepted as the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the art of printing into England.

The Grange store started last fall at Winona, Wis., has failed. Liabilities $13,000, with no assets; and a similar one at Owatonna closed up after a loss of nearly $20,000.

"Dried tongue," was the answer which a minister, just going out to "exchange," gave some one who asked him what he had in his carpet-bag—which contained seven sermons.

An English writer affirms that British colliers are drinking champagne and buying piano-fortes when in work, and when out of work depending on the poor rates for their subsistence!

Some unconscionable thief has stolen the entire machinery of the Truckee, Nev., Fire Department—it was a large rope with a hook attached for pulling down awnings and buildings in case of fire.

In New Hampshire they value skimmed milk at two cents a quart for feeding pigs. The *Courier Journal* says that in Louisville ten cents a quart is paid for the same thing to feed babies with.

Governor Booth, of California, vetoed twenty-five bills that were passed hastily in the closing hours of the Legislature. He did not write messages but simply deposited the bills in the waste basket.

We never respect persons who aim simply to amuse us. There is a vast difference between those we call amusing men and those we denominate entertaining; we laugh with the former and reflect with the latter.

After a man has passed the age ov fifty-seven, about all he kan find to talk about and to brag on is that he has got more pains and akes than enny ov the rest of his nabors—at least that is what Josh Billings says about it.

What a foe the farmers have to contend against in the potato bug is shown by the experience of a man in Joliet, Ill. He placed some in a bottle eight months ago. They have been exposed to the extreme of winter and summer, have had nothing to eat, and are still living.

Hints for Housekeepers.

A place for everything, and everything in its place; a use for everything, and used only for that special purpose. Let us take, for example, the omelet pan; the English cook does not scruple to employ this white, delicate, enameled pan to fry the bacon for breakfast, and is astonished that her omelets fail, and that her mistress complains she is getting careless; it is not that she is getting careless, but that she has never been anything else, and neither she nor her mistress comprehends or understands that true economy is practised by carefully using each article of the *batterie de cuisine* for the purpose alone for which it is designed. The cook will probably reject the chemical reason that the sulphur given forth by eggs, and to a certain extent absorbed by the enamel at the time of making the last omelet, materially assists the omelet of to-day, and this in spite of the most complete cleanliness on the part of the cook. Sauces should be prepared in a pan kept for that purpose, and the enamelled saucepan used for melted butter should never on any account be used for anything else.

Most cooks know that if eggs are boiled in a saucepan previously used for onions, they will come to table a bright orange color; this will prove how necessary it is to use each culinary utensil for its destined purpose, and unless perfect order is preserved in the kitchen and in the mind of maid and mistress, this is not possible. The economist may demur to this statement, but if each article be used for its own purpose only, and taken care of when in and out of use, it will last a lifetime, instead of being replaced every four or five years.

The housekeeping money in some families is not allowanced, but the bills are settled by check once a month. Experience shows that this is a very bad plan, and housekeeping thus managed costs considerably more than it does by a system of cash payments. The wife should ask for an allowance in proportion to the style of table expected; as the steward of her husband's property, she must allow no waste and suffer no extravagance; she must be guided by her husband's wishes as to her expenditure, and keep well within the sum allowed weekly; this will permit of her meeting the losses and accidents which happen to the most careful and economical manager.

Her Choice.

M. Beule, who has just died so suddenly, says the *Figaro*, was married in a most romantic manner. A few years ago, an artist of talent had painted his portrait and sent it to an exhibition. A young lady, an orphan, was passing through the rooms with her guardian, when she suddenly stopped before the picture, and having regarded it earnestly for a long time, said: "I will never marry any one but the original of that portrait." Her guardian laughed at her; but the girl was alike determined, intelligent and indulged. A search had to be undertaken for the M. B——, whose likeness had turned a young head. He was discovered, and being informed in what a sovereign fashion a pretty maiden had decreed that she would be his wife, he considered himself extremely fortunate to be the object of such a choice, and he was right, for he found a most generous heart united to numerous graces of mind.